

# The Democratic Pioneer.

BY L. D. STARKE.

TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE CONSTITUTION.  
ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 30, 1855.

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## DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

L. D. STARKE,  
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## POETRY.

For the Pioneer.  
LOVE T. JEE, CO. UMBIA.

GRADUATE OF ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY.

Three Columia, thou star of the West,

Thou art not alone for thy glory.

For from childhood thy soil I have pressed,

For because thou art famous in story.

Oh home of the fearless, the true and the free

Why is it my heart throbs so proudly for thee?

Thou art a mystery holy and deep,

And my fond heart enshrines thee.

Thou art a cloud o'er my spirit doth sweep,

And thy pure gaze ever shineth

Oh home of the fearless, the true and the free.

Columbia, my heart throbs exulting for thee!

Thou art true to thee and to duty.

Oh home of the fearless, the true and the free.

May thy children ever boast their allegiance to thee.

Thou art true to thee and to duty.

Oh home of the fearless, the true and the free.

May the sweet smiles of Heaven rest

Forever on thee.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### LIFE OR DEATH.

Story of the Virginia National Bridge.

BY EDITH BURRITT.

Scene opens with a view of the great bridge in Virginia. There are four men standing in the channel of the river, looking at the vast structure.

One of the men, a young man, says to the others: "Look at that bridge! It is a marvel of engineering."

Another man, an older man, replies: "It is a marvel of engineering, but it is also a marvel of human courage."

The young man asks: "What do you mean by human courage?"

The older man replies: "I mean the courage of the men who built it. They were brave and brave men."

The young man says: "I am glad to hear that. I am glad to hear that."

The older man replies: "I am glad to hear that. I am glad to hear that."

The young man says: "I am glad to hear that. I am glad to hear that."

The older man replies: "I am glad to hear that. I am glad to hear that."

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## THE WINE HUMBAG.

The N. Y. Times after remarking that the most thoroughly bamboozled men in the community are those who suppose they are drinking choice and rare varieties of genuine and delicate wines, gives the following facts which we doubt not will be interesting to the readers of the Pioneer: If the reader of this paragraph will look at the wine list on his bill of fare, the next time he dines at any hotel or large eating house, he will find that by calling for it, he can have Clos Vougeot, Romanee Conti, Mont-Rochet, Juvigny, Rudesheim, Steinberg—in short, any kind of wine he may prefer—at rates running from \$3 to \$15 the bottle. And as for choice Sherry, Madeira and Old Port, they can be supplied at \$1000 a cask, at each and every hotel, eating-house and drinking saloon in the city. Before he calls for them, perhaps, it would be well for him to consider for a moment where these superb wines come from—not from mere curiosity, but for the purpose of forming a conjecture as to the probability of his getting the genuine article by calling and paying for it. If he will look into a little book on the "Wine Druis," just published in England by Sir James Emerson Tennent, he will find some facts which may aid him in coming to a conclusion on this subject.

He will find, for example, that all the wine in the world known as the Clos Vougeot, grows on a single farm in Burgundy of fifty acres; owned by a great nobleman, who uses a great deal of himself, sends a great deal more to princes and other great people, and probably sells the residue. But whether the produce of that fifty acres is quite sufficient to supply all these great people of Europe—the princes, nobility and bon-vivans of the Continent and Great Britain—the rich merchants, bankers, lawyers, and bishops of England—the fashionable hotels and private tables of wealthy men all over Europe, who would naturally procure the best wines to be had at any price, and then have enough left to keep all the hotels, private houses, and drinking saloons of the Western Continent constantly supplied with Clos Vougeot, may be considered somewhat questionable.

The Romanee Conti wine, again, is grown only on a single farm of six acres and a half. The south side of a single hill in Germany produces all the Johannisberg wine in the world; and yet anybody who chooses to order Johannisberg at any hotel, or of any wine dealer in the city, will have it delivered at a very short notice—though accompanied by a very long bill. A single small valley in Madeira produces all the Malmei wine. Many of the choicest kinds of wine can be grown only on the sites of extinct volcanoes. Steinberg wine grows exclusively in the vineyard of a suppressed monastery. The district of Xeres, from which Sherry is produced, is of very small extent, and its limits are very accurately defined. Genuine Port wine is produced only within comparatively narrow limits. And the same thing holds true of Champagne.

We presume we should run no risk in saying that there has never been a single bottle of genuine Clos Vougeot, Romanee Conti, or Johannisberg wine within the limits of the United States. We heard one of the largest wine-dealers say, not a fortnight since, that he would buy a wagon of a thousand dollars that there was not in New York city at the present moment, a single gallon of genuine Port. We presume no one supposes that one bottle in ten thousand of the Champagne drank in this country is genuine. Champagne, again, and all the Sherry consumed in the United States, comes no more from the genuine article, than the wine consumed here to be the genuine. It is all fake, and the same thing holds true of the wine consumed in this country.

The fact is, however, that all the wine and brandies drunk in this country, and nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of all the wine and brandies drunk in this country, are made up of a skillful compounding of drugs, with infusions of coloring matter, and a basis of delectable or vinous material, so as to resemble any brand of any sort of liquid that may be desired. England and France are the great fakers of this manufacture—though it is beginning to be prosecuted in this country to a very considerable extent. But an order for any kind of wine that may be wanted for (Clos Vougeot, Johannisberg, or Sherry, with directions for a particular flavor, a specific amount or a specific delicate bouquet—sent to England, will be filled promptly and to an extent. More of any brand can be brought over in a single cargo than the entire region where alone it grows can produce in years. A little more than a month ago we copied from a London police report the evidence of a famous wine-dealer named Osborne, in which he stated that it was his practice to buy up all the spoiled, sour, rancid French wines he could get at low prices—pay duties on them as vinegar—store them in the London docks—take them out and pour them all into large vats—mix them with a certain quantity of French brandy—not intended for certain preparations of his own—but then to sell as the choicest Port wines at from \$100 to \$140 a hundred. This, there is no doubt at all, is a very extensive practice, and those who buy from them, to supply the American market, when there are no other accomplices, are their victims. And the wine-drinkers of the United States, from the lowest to the highest, swig the deceptions of these wine-fabricators in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, instead of the juice of the grape, over which they grow so rapturously and poetically eloquent.

If there is any class of the community more thoroughly and ridiculously bamboozled than they are, we should be obliged to any person who will point them out.

## IRISH HEARTS.

AN INTERESTING AND TRUTHFUL SKETCH.  
The following sketch from an Irish character may not be found uninteresting. To us it seems touching and truthful. The story tells of the incident by stating that he found an Irish family—a husband, wife, and seven children, on one of our lake steamers. They were in great destitution; and the beauty of the children was the theme for the admiration of their fellow-travellers. At the request of a lady passenger who, having no children of her own, was desirous of taking one of the little Irishers and adopting it, the narrator addressed himself to the head of the family. We do not know the author of the sketch, and give it as we find it.—U. S. Gaz.

Although, says the story-teller, I had considerable doubt as to the result, I offered my services as a negotiator, and proceeded immediately upon my delicate diplomacy. Finding my friend on deck, I thus opened the affair.

"You are very poor?"

"Poor, sir," said he, "but if there's a poorer man than me trogging the world, God pity us, for we'd be about equal."

"Then how do you manage to support your children?"

"Is it to support them sir? Why I don't support them any way; they get supported some way or another. It'll be true enough to complain when they do."

"Would it not be a relief to you to part with one of them?"

"What, sir? he cried; a relief to part with my child? Would it be a relief to have the hand chopped from my body, or the heart torn out of my breast? A relief indeed? God be good to us, what do you want?"

"No, sir," said he, "the heaven know that I would willingly cut the sunshine away from myself, that they might get all the warmth of it; but to tell us what you are driving at?"

"I then told him that a lady had taken a fancy to have one of his children, and if he would consent to it, it would be educated and finally settled comfortably in life. That threw him into a fit of gratulation. He scratched his head, and looked the very picture of bewilderment. The struggle between a father's love and a child's interest was evident and touching. At length he said:

"Och, mother, wouldn't it be a great thing for the baby? But I must go and talk with Mary—that's the mother of them; and it would not be right to be giving away her children as he says, and she to know nothing at all about it."

"Away with you then," said I, "and bring me an answer back as soon as possible." In about half an hour he returned, leading two of his children. His eyes were red and swollen, and his face pale from excitement and sorrow.

"But it wasn't for ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when Pat rushed into the cabin without sign or ceremony, and snatching up the baby in his arms, cried out—  
"It's up me, I've been talking to Mary, and we can't do it."  
"Look at him, he's the youngest and the best of the batch. You wouldn't keep him from us. You see, sir, Nora has a look of me in her. Biddy has a look of Mary, but he my soul, little Pat has the mother's eye and my nose, and little of both of us all over! No, sir, we can't bear hard fortune, starvation and misery, but we can't bear to part with our children unless it be the will of heaven to take them from us."

## DAN RICE'S GRATITUDE.

An interesting incident is related of Dan Rice, the celebrated circus performer, in a late number of the Reading Gazette. It appears that some fourteen years ago Dan Rice, reading with an exhibition of some sort, which turned out badly, and involved the proprietor in difficulty. Judge Holden, of Berks Co., and in his condition, gave him a suit of clothes, and lent him a horse and wagon, in order that he might pursue his business. Dan was not successful, and a destitution soon overtook him again, while, to add to his distress, his wife was taken sick. In this dilemma he was forced to sell the horse and wagon, which the Judge had only loaned him, in order to raise money to take his wife home to Pittsburgh. Not long after this he obtained a situation in one of the theatres in this city, where the Judge one night saw and recognized him, and in the morning called at his lodgings. Dan was still poor and needy, and fully expecting reproaches, if not worse, from his old patron, but instead of these the Judge insisted on his giving a second time to a tailor's and being fitted out at his expense. To this, however, Dan would not consent, and they parted, never meeting again until one day last week, when his company was performing at Reading, and the Judge came down to attend Court. Dan's first duty was to put on his old friend, and invite him to take a drive about town, to which he consented, and a horse and vehicle were soon at the door.

Dan's equipage, like that of his profession generally, seemed a pretty stylish turnout. It consisted of a brand new carriage of elegant make, a cream-colored Arabian pony, and a spick and span new set of glittering harness—worth, when you come to estimate such things by dollars, some \$400 or \$500. The drive was taken and enjoyed, and time flew swiftly by, as the two friends talked and laughed over the half-forgotten events of old times. Dan drove the Judge back to his lodgings, stepped out upon the pavement, and, before the Judge had time to rise from his seat, handed him the reins and whip, with a graceful bow, and said: "These are your Judge's old horse and wagon was restored, with interest—take them, with Dan Rice's warmest gratitude." The Judge was stricken dumb with amazement for a few moments, but soon recovered his self-possession and began to re-examine his lips firmly, shook his head, and a polite adieu to his old friend in the carriage, walked off to his hotel and left the Judge to drive the handsome equipage now really his own, to the stable. An honest man, and a man of honor, is Dan Rice, the Circus Clown.—Philadelphia Sun.

JACK'S LIBERALITY. Not long since, a man-of-war's-man stepped into a Post-office and a blessing of the postmaster, asked: "Do you know Jim Jenkins?"

"No, I replied the postmaster; why do you ask?"

"Because I want you to give a letter to him," replied the sailor, saying which he produced an epistle.

"Very well," said the postmaster, the letter will be sent to him; but you must put a stamp on it."

"How the deuce can you send a letter to Jim Jenkins unless you know him?" inquired the sailor.

"Oh, that does not matter," answered the postmaster, "I can send the letter, but it will cost you a stamp."

## THE KANE EXPEDITION—THRILLING ADVENTURE.

Some of the episodes encountered during Dr. Kane's search have well interested. At one time it became necessary to send a fatigue party with provisions, to assist the main party under Dr. Kane, in an attempted passage across Smith's Sound. This party was under the command of Mr. Brooks, first officer of the expedition. He was accompanied by Mr. Wilson and other volunteers. During their travel they found the ice completely impenetrable, and a snow drift at last swept widely over the foot of the North, the thermometer, to their dismay, sunk to fifty seven degrees below zero. Human nature could not support the terrible cold. Four of the party, including Mr. Brooks and Mr. Wilson, were prostrated with frost-bite, and with great difficulty three of their comrades, after encountering great suffering, reached the ship and announced the cessation of their courages. Their chances of being rescued seemed extremely small. They were in the midst of a wilderness of snow, a mile of motion, protected only by a canvas tent, and with no food, no water, and their position could be known. Even to drag these maimed men would have been, under ordinary circumstances, a work of difficulty, but to the slender party left at the ship, it seemed to be impossible. Dr. Kane, with the boldness and courage which justified the warm attachment felt towards him by all under his command, in less than one hour organized a rescuing party, leaving on board only those who were necessary to receive the sick, and started off in the teeth of a terrific gale, steering by compass to rescue the sufferers. After nineteen hours' constant travel, during which two of the party fainted, and others required to be kept from sleep by force, they struck the trail of the lost party, and finally staggering under their burdens one by one reached the tent, which was almost hidden by the snow.

The scene, as Dr. Kane entered the tent, was affecting beyond description. The party burst into tears. A blinding fire was immediately built, pemican cooked, and the party ate for the first time without drink. Worn out as they were, but 4 hours were allowed for the halt. The maimed of the frozen party were sewed up in Buffalo robes, placed on sledges and dragged along by their companions. Dr. Kane walking in advance picking the track. Cold of the utmost severity again overtook them. Ponsall and Martin, and even the Esquimaux boy, Hance, sunk upon the snow with sleep. It was only by force that they were aroused and made to proceed, as the cold seemed to have destroyed all conception of danger. A large bear met on their way was fortunately scared off by Dr. Kane, by the simple waving of his hand. They reached the ship after a walk of sixty-two hours, still dragging their companions behind them, but insensible. Dr. Hayes, the intelligent surgeon of the ship, from whom we obtained the particulars of this fearful adventure, received the returning party. Two of the number died of the injuries and two others an urgent amputation, who are now restored to perfect health. The condition of those who dragged the sick was most lamentable. Their memory for a time was entirely gone, and the ship, in the midst of maddening delirium, resembled an hospital. The surgeon and one remaining attendant was in the sole charge of the ship. In this state of semi-madness the sick remained for two or three days, but afterwards they entirely recovered, and the party under Mr. Kane started three weeks afterwards and resumed their labors in the field.

Intrepidity like this, has never been surpassed. It is spoken of with emotion, even now, by the greatest hearts in the expedition.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

ONLY POOR CHILDREN.—Fanny Fern writes as follows in the Saturday Evening Post:

"Here is a primary school; what a host of little ragged nebbies are crowding in! Suppose I step quietly among them? Now they take their places in seats turned off one above another, so that each face is distinctly visible. What a pit sight! and how nature loves to compensate reading beauty to the boy I, I faculty to the girl."

There's a boy, now, in that ragged jacket who is a study for an artist. See his broad, ample forehead; mark how his dark eyes glow;—and that little girl at his side, whose cheeks curl up so gracefully when her soft fingered eyes and dimpled shoulders. And that dream-child in yonder corner, with blue velvet, transparent touples, whose spiritual eyes, even now, can see that fadless shore to which bright angels beckon him. Dear gently with him—he is passing away! Here comes a teacher, brisk, angular and sharp voiced—Hear'n pity the children! I already experience a mental shiver. Now she comes up and says (apologetically to my new satin cloak) 'You see, ma'am, these are only poor children.' The trailing creature! Lucky for her that I am not a Committee! Can't her dull eyes recognize God's image in hussey wifery? Can she see no genius written in yonder broad forehead? No poetry slumbering in yonder sweet eyes? Did Franklin, Clay and Webster study their alphabet in silk and velvet? She ought to be promoted to the dignity of town school teacher to Queen Victoria! Now she hauls me a book in which visitors' names are recorded; and requests me to write mine. Certainly 'Mrs. John Smith' then it is.—Hope she likes it as well as I do."

Great men never sit on anything. It is your three cent folks that put on airs, swell, and set the pomp.

An editor out west says two ladies wear corsets from a feeling of instinct, having a natural love of being squeezed.

We won't give the following name

## MARRIED LIFE.

The following beautiful and true sentiments are from the pen of that charming writer, Frederick Bremer, whose observations might well become rules of life, as appropriate are they to many of its phases: "Deceive not one another in small things nor in great. One little single lie has before now, disturbed a whole married life, a small cause has often great consequences. Fidelity the arms together and at all. Laziness is the devil's cushion. Do not run much from home. One's own heart is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage, my friend is begun like the rosy morning and then falls away like the snowy wreath. And why, my friends? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other as before. But never always, my children to please one another; but at the same time keep God in your thoughts. Lavish not all your love on to-day, for remember, marriage has its tomorrow, likewise, and its day after to-morrow too. Spare as one may say, fuel for the winter. Consider my daughter, what the word life expresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic faith; in her hand he must be able to confide house and family; be able to entrust her the key of his heart, as well as the key of his estate. His honor and his home are under her keeping—his well being in her hand. Think of this! And you, sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families. And so that your wives shall esteem and love you."

RULES FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.—Always sit next to the carver. If you can, at dinner. Take no notes or gold with you to a fancy bazaar, no matter how silver. Make friends with a steward on board a steamer; there's no knowing how soon you may be placed in his power.

In every strange house it is well to inquire where the brandy is kept. Only think, if you were taken ill in the middle of the night.

Write not one more letter than you can help. The man who keeps up a large correspondence is a martyr, tied, not to the stake, but to the post.

Wind up your conduct, like your watch, once every day, examining minutely whether you are fast or slow.

DEATH AND ROMANCE.—At St. Louis, on the 27th ult., an inquest was held on the body of Jacob Hill, who had committed suicide, when some interesting facts were developed, which lend a most romantic interest to the affair. Early in June last, Mr. Hill's wife died in child bed, and the mother and child were buried in a lot in the German Protestant graveyard. Daily since then he has visited the grave, often spending hours there. He had enclosed the lot with a fence, and profusely ornamented it with flowers. On Saturday morning he visited it for the last time, and after tracing on the tomb stone an inscription with a pencil, laid down upon the grave and blew his brains out with a pistol.

HORRIBLE.—A letter from the Crimea tells the following tale: "Vultures are very numerous in the Crimea. They smell the water, and await the coming of the fight to throw themselves on their victims. After one of the recent combats, an English officer was found on the battle field who had just expired pressing in both his arms one of those birds of prey, dead, like himself, which he had crushed in a last effort of agony."

PRICE OF LAND IN THE LAKE SUPERIOR COUNTRY.—A piece of land, containing about 160 acres, situated in the county of Ontonagon, on Lake Superior, was recently sold at public auction, under an order of the Judge of Probate, for the sum of \$12,500, being \$78.75 per acre. The land was pre-empted by a colored man, now deceased, a few years since, and purchased by him from the government for ten dollars per acre. The lot is sold for the benefit of his wife and children.

There is now living near Mount Vernon, in Kentucky, a man named Elijah Denny, who is one hundred and eighteen years old. He is a native of Cumberland, and is a study for an artist. See his broad, ample forehead; mark how his dark eyes glow;—and that little girl at his side, whose cheeks curl up so gracefully when her soft fingered eyes and dimpled shoulders. And that dream-child in yonder corner, with blue velvet, transparent touples, whose spiritual eyes, even now, can see that fadless shore to which bright angels beckon him. Dear gently with him—he is passing away! Here comes a teacher, brisk, angular and sharp voiced—Hear'n pity the children! I already experience a mental shiver. Now she comes up and says (apologetically to my new satin cloak) 'You see, ma'am, these are only poor children.' The trailing creature! Lucky for her that I am not a Committee! Can't her dull eyes recognize God's image in hussey wifery? Can she see no genius written in yonder broad forehead? No poetry slumbering in yonder sweet eyes? Did Franklin, Clay and Webster study their alphabet in silk and velvet? She ought to be promoted to the dignity of town school teacher to Queen Victoria! Now she hauls me a book in which visitors' names are recorded; and requests me to write mine. Certainly 'Mrs. John Smith' then it is.—Hope she likes it as well as I do."

A LOVER KNEELED TO MAIDEN FAIR.—And vowed him her adorer.—'Ah! wilt thou love me, sweetest one, Thou bright and fair Aurora!'

Up sprang the blood of maiden fair, Who boxed her fond adorer, 'How dare you, sir, miscall me thus, Me, me, indeed, a roarer!'

Wherever there is fatery, there is sure to be a fool.

Affection, like spring dowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last; and the heart which seeks for another heart to make it happy, will not seek in vain.

All a set of abolitionists.—Below (says the Augusta Constitutionalist) is an extract from the letter of a known member of one of our city councils, now absent at the North, and dated 'Brooklyn, Oct. 10, 1855,' and addressed to a friend in this city: 'The American party here at the North are not what they are at the South. If I lived here, it would be impossible for me to go with them, for they are all a set of abolitionists.'







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